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NEWS AND VIEWS

Project Equality, the national ecumenical effort to harness the churches' buying power to fair employment practices, grows steadily; 1968 projections see it in operation in 22 states and claiming a business grip on $7 billion.

However, sporadic sniping continues at the program. *Ave Maria* has formalized its reservations in an editorial signed by James Andrews. (Among questions to be answered, according to Andrews: whether Project Equality amounts "to a subtle type of economic blackmail.") And delegates to the annual convention of Southeastern Minnesota District, American Lutheran Church, after much debate tabled a resolution to "strongly encourage" district congregations to participate in the program. (Included in the district's budget, though, was $1,500 for Project Equality.) Soon after, a Minneapolis *Tribune* poll indicated that almost two out of three Minnesotans (65 percent) believe Project Equality is not the proper way to fight racial discrimination. A St. Paul housewife commented: "If churches are going to end discrimination, they are not going to end it by discriminating themselves."

PE director Thomas Gibbons still has the answer: "Project Equality is based throughout on affirmative action . . . It achieves its goal through the insertion of a new product specification—merit employment—into the normal buyer-supplier relationship."

•

The Notre Dame Saga: Family Relations Dept.:

"The 10,000 tickets allocated to Notre Dame Alumni for our Michigan State game were oversubscribed by an avalanche of orders received since the forms were mailed from here on June 6. Therefore all orders on hand at the close of the business day June 20 (the official opening of the sale) were completely shuffled and drawn by lot until the available tickets were allotted . . .

"We regret that your application was not one of the fortunate ones and your remittance is hereby returned to you . . .

"The unbelievable demand for this game exceeds anything in our history, and we honestly feel that there is not presently in existence any stadium big enough to handle all the people who would attend if it were possible. The game will be nationally telecast in color over the ABC network, and to that small consolation we add our sincere regret that we must disappoint so many of our Notre Dame family."

Football Ticket Committee
Department of Athletics
University of Notre Dame

•

The Pittsburgh Liturgical Commission reports the use of the guitar, trumpet, chimes, flute, cello and brass at some Masses in 10 percent of the diocese's parishes.

It also reports that 40 percent of the diocese's 350 parishes no longer have any novenas. Novena buffs were offered the following consolation: "The reason would seem to be that the need for community worship has been met with the participated Mass and not that the saints have lost their grip."

•

How many Vietnams are there? One? Two? . . . Five, says Dr. Ira W. Moomaw, who spent last year in Vietnam as a consultant to Vietnam Christian Service: Ky's "corrupt" government; the North Vietnamese government; the war profiteers from American goods and matériel; the peasants who bear the brunt of the bombing and suffering; and the two or three million refugees made homeless by U.S. military action.

•

Joseph Cunneen (*Cross Currents*) on the unchanged world of the Holy Name Society:

"I became a political activist at the age of 14 as a glib Jesuit high school debater, when I was sent out to speak—under the auspices of the Sodality, I believe—to various local Holy Name Societies on the true nature of the Spanish Civil War. The situation is rich in comedy, to be sure, but the serious point I want to make is that my canonization of General Franco was made—and listened to—on the assumption that it was a defense of religion and morality, and that, of course, the Church should stay out of politics. And what is not so funny is that in mid-1967, in the full fervor of aggiornamento, after the Council statement on modern war in its schema on the modern world, after Pope Paul's speech to the United Nations and his subsequent initiatives for peace, the descendants of those Holy Name men who listened to me in 1937 are judging United States intervention in Vietnam in the same supra-political categories—after all, we're resisting Communism, aren't we?"

•

A Madison Avenue merchant offers a painless means to assist the Israel Emergency Fund. "Help Israel," a spirits store window sign encourages; "Drink Israeli Wine."

•

The sharing of the Communion chalice, barred in some dioceses as a likely communicator of disease, receives a relatively clean bill of health in *The Lancet*, a British medical journal.

Scientists at the Central Public Health Laboratory, London, found that, although Communion wine is comparatively weak, it still contains enough ethel alcohol (about 14 percent) to kill some bacteria within two minutes and other strains within 10. And if the chalice is wiped clean between communicants, the number of germs is usually reduced by about 90 percent.

No bacteria study was made on the current method of receiving the Communion wafer. But such a study might lead to a surprising conclusion—like, the most sanitary method is still the early Christian practice of the communicant receiving the wafer in his hand and placing it in the mouth himself. It might also be rediscovered that this method is the more devotional one. JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Distortion Charged

New York

To the Editors: John Deedy distorts the facts and reveals a beetle-headed naiveté in his "Patriotism vs. Christianity Dept." (June 16). He accuses Bishop Swanstrom, director of Catholic Relief Services, of attempting "to disabuse people of the notion that CRS might cooperate in the drive being sponsored by Caritas International . . . . to bring succor to the suffering of North Vietnam." This is untrue.

Furthermore, Catholic Relief Services long maintained a large-scale and effective aid program in North Vietnam, with main office and warehouse in Hanoi. The CRS program was abruptly shut down by the Communists in 1954 and all CRS personnel expelled.

The gracious and generous donation given months ago by His Holiness, Pope Paul VI, to which Mr. Deedy piously refers, has not yet reached the suffering of North Vietnam, thanks to Communist government roadblocks.

(REV.) FABIAN FLYNN
PR Director
Catholic Relief Services

Reply

Bishop Swanstrom's statement, issued following press reports of Caritas' plan to raise funds for hospital facilities in North Vietnam, said:

"The gospel tells us that we are to love even our enemies and if it were possible to bring food, clothing and medicine and even financial assistance to any suffering civilians in North Vietnam, it would be a holy and just thing to do. But it is simply impossible and I do not see any possibilities of it happening, certainly not while the conflict continues.

"And I must stress here the words 'any suffering civilians,' because no one in his right mind would suggest that we give assistance to the armed forces of a government that is directly locked in battle with American troops."

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VIETNAM THE INCUBATOR

The generals are not going to have everything their own way. At least that seems to be the implication of Secretary McNamara's remarks on his return from Vietnam and those by President Johnson after meeting with General Westmoreland and Mr. McNamara. Westmoreland will get more troops; he will not get enough to raise his total to the 600,000 mark he wanted. And despite previous hints that President Johnson faced a revolt of top-level officers if he did not give Westmoreland all he wanted, the Pentagon seems to be going along with the decision.

In one sense it is good that the Administration is not sharply escalating the number of troops in Vietnam. Yet the reasons for this uncharacteristic caution are by no means the best. What the Administration seems intent on is keeping its present ambitious goal of forcing a complete Viet Cong surrender, but achieving this goal with less troops than the Pentagon says it needs. But what the Administration should really do is de-escalate and seriously seek negotiations.

The President is surely correct in thinking that a heavy tax increase and a call-up of the reserves, which would have been necessary if Westmoreland had his way, might well change the attitude of many Americans toward the war. A tax increase is probably inevitable, but with an election next year Mr. Johnson is understandably cool toward the idea of mobilizing the reserves. Even without such a step, however, the political climate may be changing, as indicated by three significant happenings during the same week that Secretary McNamara returned from Vietnam.

The first event of note was the proposal by eight Republican Congressmen for a mutual, step-by-step de-escalation of the Vietnam war by the United States and North Vietnam, beginning with a cut in our bombing of the North. The intent of this Republican proposal was obviously good; the suggested method itself, we think, was flawed. As Ho Chi Minh sees it, he has twice won on the field of battle, only to see his victory lost at the bargaining table. This time he will negotiate only if he is convinced that we seek something other than a total Viet Cong surrender, and as the incom-

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parably stronger power the United States can afford to take the lead. U Thant and other reliable observers are convinced that a halt to the bombing of North Vietnam is the indispensable first step for negotiations and that if such a halt takes place, negotiations would then begin. The United States should take such testimony seriously and halt our bombing of North Vietnam completely.

If the specific proposal of the eight GOP Congressmen was not realistic, the spirit that prompted it was politically significant. Even more striking were the comments made by Governor George Romney, at this point generally considered the leading candidate for the Republican presidential nomination. In what was for him a definite switch, Governor Romney pointed out that the bombing of North Vietnam had not achieved the desired results and that infiltration had not lessened. As a new policy he urged de-escalation of the bombing and concentration on targets related to infiltration, with the hope that such a move might promote negotiations.

Finally, a striking expression of dissent was once again sounded inside Mr. Johnson's own party by the majority leader, Senator Mike Mansfield. Warning against optimistic reports about Vietnam, Senator Mansfield said: "The fact is that reports of progress are strewn, like burned-out tanks, all along the road which has led this nation more deeply into Vietnam and Southeast Asia during the past decade and a half."

We can put another 100,000 men into Vietnam, Senator Mansfield said, or 200,000 or even more. We can mine the harbor at Haiphong; we can level the city of Hanoi. But first the American people should ask themselves, the Senator said, at what point the conflict "becomes wholly an American war against all Vietnam, becomes a war in Korea, becomes a war in the Formosa Straits, becomes a war with China." And he went on to ask: "Who will say that a third World War is not already incubating in the ever-deepening and expanding struggle in Southeast Asia?" This, of course, is the central question, and an Administration refusal to go quite as far as General Westmoreland might like, welcome as it is, is not an adequate answer.

HEARINGS ON RENEWAL

From the Petition of Right to "taxation without representation," the establishment of representative institutions has been linked with the question of the purse strings. The point was not lost upon the Chicago Conference of Laymen when they decided to hold a hearing on Project Renewal, the $250,000,000, ten-year fund drive begun this year by the Chicago archdiocese. In an open meeting on July 16 a panel of CCL members heard testimony evaluating the quality and effect of the projects for which the Project Renewal funds are earmarked. The witnesses, an impressive group including an architect, a city planner, a sociologist, a community organization director, and the president of the Catholic Interracial Council, gave testimony which was both expert and frank. For the most part, they found the archdiocesan plans piecemeal and indicative of a low priority for inner-city development and racial integration. An audience of 450 kept the hearing going for an extra two hours with questions.

The hearing was in effect a protest against the absence of any structure for meaningful lay participation in archdiocesan projects involving huge sums of money and wide consequences for the city. The response of the diocese was encouraging. The chairman of the Catholic Board of Education and the archdiocese's comptroller accepted invitations to give testimony. Msgr. Robert J. Hagarty, the comptroller, implied that for all practical purposes Project Renewal was finished ($40 million has already been raised), a development that was alternatively explained by the negative reaction to the extensive project or by the possibility that the whole thing had been more in the way of a fund-raising gimmick than a serious plan. Msgr. Hagarty also raised the possibility of an archdiocesan system of parish councils upon which could be based lay participation in city-wide archdiocesan planning. That is the kind of Project Renewal the Chicago Conference has been asking for all along.

AND NOW, NEWARK

Harlem, Brooklyn, Chicago, Watts, Rochester, Buffalo, Boston, Tampa, and now Newark. One long hot summer follows another. The warnings are hoisted. The town fathers scurry at the last minute to batten down the ghettoes, find jobs for teen-agers, confer with civil rights leaders. Or sometimes they sail right into the storm without any preparation at all.

Will Negro riots become a permanent fixture of American summers? Like baseball and going to the beach? After all, Negroes themselves are the primary victims, and painful as it is to read about such things happening in America the Beautiful, perhaps it is cheaper to read than to pay the price for the three hundred years of America's oppression of Negroes. That price will be something on the scale of what we are now willing to pay for national defense; it will mean taking the same "emergency" attitude that is taken by the Pentagon at the slightest whiff of a missile gap; it will require the same willingness to spend money on research, to shrug off ill-fated projects and to initiate better ones that characterize the space program. So far, the National Guard is easier than a Freedom Budget. While Newark rioted, a new piece of legislation was pending in Congress: an anti-riot bill, which its drafter has declared is meant to stop Stokely Carmichael. Thus does the U.S. face its problems head-on.

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FROM CALIFORNIA

THE UNJOLLY GREEN GIANT

California's Imperial Valley, which proudly calls itself the nation's salad bowl, is in the throes of an economic slump. When the unemployment rate soared to 12 percent last month, Representative John V. Tunney—at the request of worried Valley merchants—conducted an all-day hearing in El Centro to gather information that might throw some light on the situation. After the hearing, he announced that he was sending transcripts of the proceedings to the Justice Department, the Department of Labor and a House Judiciary subcommittee to determine the feasibility of changing present laws permitting foreign workers to commute across the international border to jobs in the United States.

This was what the merchants wanted to hear. Their spokesmen contended during the hearing that the existence of 8,000 so-called "green-card" workers, persons who live in Mexico but work in the Valley, was responsible for the area's economic plight. They pointed out that these workers are taking back to Mexico $70,000 a day in wages, money that would be spent in the Valley had it been expended on a domestic work force.

Spokesmen for organized labor and local Negro and Mexican-American groups joined the merchants. They agreed that the green-card workers created a labor surplus, depressed wage rates and job standards and contributed substantially to the high unemployment rate in Imperial County, which has a resident population of only 80,000.

Arrayed against this lineup of divergent interests were the area's growers, who appeared individually and in association to argue that without imported farm labor, the type of agriculture that created the Valley's wealth (it produced an income of $232 million in 1966) would not be possible. Before widespread use of the green-carders, they testified, labor was provided by illegal "wetbacks" and then by the congressionally legalized *braceros*. (The *bracero* program was terminated in 1965.)

They might have added that when the Boulder Dam was built around the turn of the century—the beginning of the Southwest's large-scale, irrigation-type farming—the first agricultural work force was composed of laborers from China and India brought into California illegally because, so the growers maintained in justification, other workers could not stand the Valley's terrific heat and long hours of "stoop" labor.

For years, those who have been trying to unionize farm workers have contended that it is low wages, and not hard work, that make recruiting domestic workers difficult. This was borne out at the hearing. Unemployed workers testified they could not support families at the prevailing farm wage rates and were better off drawing welfare assistance. One American Negro green-card worker told a reporter he lived in Mexico and commuted to field jobs in the U.S. out of economic necessity.

"I make $8, $9, maybe $10 a day," he explained. "I can't live over here. How could I afford to? I pay $10 a month rent in Mexicali. I'd have to pay $80 in the States."

There are 2,397 other American citizens who live in Mexicali and work in the Imperial Valley. But what of those who live on the U.S. side of the line? They must pay the usual high California prices for food and lodging; in addition, there are high taxes, which are virtually nonexistent in Mexico. Under the old *bracero* program, imported workers were restricted to agricultural jobs. No such restriction is applied to green-carders, and they are being used in increasing numbers as truck drivers, in service stations, as carpenters, bricklayers, hod carriers, janitors and domestics. They are hired, their employers maintain, because they are good workers; never mentioned is the fact that they are able and willing to work for lower salaries than those who must subsist in the higher American economy.

As might be expected, the clashing opinions expressed at the El Centro hearing made good news copy; widespread coverage by press and television soon had Valley residents drawing battle lines into pro and anti-green-card factions. At the moment, it looks like the "antis" hold a numerical advantage.

This division of opinion, however, reflects a far more significant split: the breakdown in the traditional alliance of merchant and grower. A few years ago, no one would have dared to predict such an eventuality. Even more remote was the possibility that merchants and organized labor, long the weak whipping boy of the Valley Establishment, would ever find themselves joining hands on any issue—especially an economic one.

At this time, no one can predict with certainty whether Representative Tunney's requests will lead to legislation curtailing or outlawing the green-card system. The hearing on the issue, however, has served as a catalyst and has made Imperial Valley communities grudgingly admit something that organized labor has been saying for years: every dollar spent on a domestic work force is a dollar that will benefit the local economy. It was this argument that persuaded Congress to terminate the *bracero* program at a time when the nation was facing a high unemployment rate. It may be the argument that will persuade Congress to end the green-card system. LAWRENCE T. KING

(Lawrence T. King, a California newspaperman, writes frequently on national economic and cultural problems.)

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE INCREDIBLE SST

The continued progress of the SST, the supersonic transport, is a remarkable demonstration of how mythology, bureaucracy, and economic self-interest can prevail in a democratic society. The SST would be an economic disaster if it fails and a social disaster if it succeeds, but it just keeps rolling along.

The SST is a proposed commercial airliner that will carry about 300 passengers at a speed of 1800 miles an hour, or about two and two-thirds the speed of sound. It would have four engines, each with the thrust of 60,000 pounds or three times as much thrust as the engines in present jets. A plane flying at this speed and at very high altitudes poses difficult problems in design and safety. No private manufacturing company could risk the funds needed to do the research and build the test planes necessary to prove the practicability of the idea. It has to be largely a government project. Both the Soviet Union, which is working on such a plane, and the British and French, who are working on a joint venture, are doing so as public ventures.

In the United States, it is a mixed public-private venture. Ideally, one would have assumed that all of the airplane manufacturers that wished to participate would have been invited to join a consortium to collaborate with the Government. Instead, the Federal Aviation Agency held a design competition. Last December 31, it was announced that Boeing had won out over Lockheed to build the body of the plane, while General Electric won the engines contract over United Aircraft.

The government underwrote this competition among the four manufacturers at a cost of $300 million. The next step is to pay for the building of two test planes. This will mean another billion dollars over the next four years. The FAA already has $200 million from past appropriations to spend toward this purpose and is asking another $198 million in the budget before Congress.

But these substantial sums are by no means the end of the Government's financial commitment. The contract which the government signed with the two private firms early in May not only provides that the public will put up 90 percent of these development costs but it also states that "the Government may be required to act as a guarantor of or to provide any additional funds needed by the airframe manufacturer" (Boeing). The government's own estimate is that it will spend at least $4.5 billion by the time the several hundred planes are actually built.

The first question that ought to be asked in a democracy is: Does the public really want to spend this much money for the sole purpose of shortening the trip from New York to London from six hour to two hours and 45 minutes? It is not commonly realized that 85 per cent of Americans have never flown in an airplane and, although the number of people flying is likely to double in the coming decade, many of these new passengers will be people making their once-in-a-lifetime or once-in-ten-years trip to Europe. For these passengers, shortening the trip to Europe by three hours is scarcely the highest personal or social value. Or, put another way, it is probable that only one American out of every twenty-five will ever fly in the SST. The other twenty-four might prefer to spend those several billion dollars on some other public purpose such as renovating the hospitals in a dozen major cities or drastically speeding up the water pollution program that is now being cut back by the Johnson administration because of budget stringency during the Vietnam War.

The proponents of the SST, inside and outside the government, have gone to extraordinary lengths to make sure that ordinary citizens are not permitted to see the issue clearly and to judge it in terms of alternative uses for their own tax money. Congress, for example, has never been asked directly to authorize this project for fear that it might be turned down if it were considered on its merits. Funds have simply been included in the rest of the appropriation bill for aviation projects and reported out by Appropriations subcommittees that are dominated by aviation boosters. Appropriation bills are rarely revised on the floor in either the House or the Senate because logrolling prevails. That is, if a member votes against an item that he considers unjustified, he finds that the Appropriations Committee retaliates later by cutting off funds for projects in his state or district. Only members of Congress, such as Senator William Proxmire of Wisconsin and former Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois, who make a personal crusade out of bird-dogging the budget are willing to risk this kind of retaliation. The closest to a clearcut vote on this plane came last year in the Senate when Senator Proxmire, who calls the SST "a booming, zooming gift to the jet

Summer Schedule

In keeping with the usual practice, Commonweal will again appear on alternate weeks during July-September. Forthcoming issues will be dated August 11, August 25, September 8 and September 22. From then on, we will resume our normal weekly publishing schedule.

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set," moved to cut the funds. He picked up the surprisingly large number of twenty-five supporters, but his amendment lost.

The Boom

Aside from the huge and questionable outlay of public funds for a project of marginal usefulness, the strongest argument against the SST is the sonic boom. For those living near airports, the noise of an SST taking off or landing will be much louder than that made by today's jets. When the SST reaches its cruising altitude of 65,000 feet, millions of people are going to think that they have suddenly moved next door to an airport. A sonic boom, which is that sudden roar set off by a plane traveling faster than the speed of sound, will follow the SST across the country like a carpet sixty-five miles wide. During each flight, ten million people on the ground below will hear that terrible noise. If there were several flights a day, there would be several of these booms, each one of them capable of shattering glass, dishes and plaster walls, not to mention human nerves.

When the FAA held a six-month test of public reaction to sonic booms in the Oklahoma City area in 1964, it received over 15,000 complaints and 4,900 formal damage claims. Oklahoma City was not chosen by accident as the site of this test. It is one of the centers of the aerospace industry and there are Air Force bases nearby from which many residents make their living. Even so, the booms tested were of lesser intensity than those that an actual SST would produce. Plans to hold full-scale tests over several midwestern cities last year were quietly cancelled. Cancelled also was the specification in the contract that the manufacturer of the plane keep the noise level within certain limits. Since neither Boeing nor Lockheed could stay within those limits, the contract finally awarded to Boeing is simply silent on the whole subject.

Secretary of Transportation Alan Boyd now seeks to finesse the entire sonic boom problem by arguing that the SST will only be flown at its full speed when it is over water or thinly-populated land areas. For sailors and passengers aboard ocean liners, this is not exactly an enchanting prospect. Secretary Boyd's sales talk, moreover, may be seriously misleading. Once the SST is built and in operation, the airlines will inevitably persuade the government regulatory agencies to permit them to fly it at full speed. In view of the compliant attitude of the government regulators, this will be easy. Their characteristic attitude is that if the nineteenth century public got used to the sound of railroads, the twentieth century public will eventually get used to the sound of the sonic boom.

Air Force Major General Jewell C. Maxwell, director of the FAA's supersonic transport development program, has publicly stated: "A boom has a startle effect, especially if you've never heard it before. The first time, you might jump. But the 1000th time, you don't do anything."

The SST, moreover, would be flown over land because otherwise its use would be so severely restricted that the market for selling these planes would be too small for Boeing and General Electric to make substantial profits, although under their favorable contract, they cannot lose money unless the plane should unexpectedly prove impossible to build for technical reasons.

These technical problems are formidable. Flying at altitudes of 65,000 to 70,000 feet presents hazards that cannot be fully calculated and some which cannot ever be completely guarded against. If for some fluke reason the cabin should be de-pressurized, the crew and passengers would die in a few seconds from violent decompression. Oxygen masks are of no help at that altitude. Atmospheric turbulence is also so much greater that passengers may have to be strapped to contour couches for the entire trip to avoid bodily injury. At present, the plan is to build the SST of titanium. But titanium is a less effective heat conductor than aluminum and when struck by lightening, it tends to stay hot longer. This heightens the danger of fire.

Why is the government going ahead with this risky, expensive, and not very urgently needed plane? Several reasons are apparent. The aviation industry hopes to make money out of manufacturing and operating the plane, and the aviation industry has proved to be a powerful pressure group in the halls of government. The Federal Aviation Agency is dominated by "wild blue yonder" thinking that always believes the sky is no limit. Prestige is involved since the Russians are building a similar plane. If all the people in the rest of the world are not already dazzled by our space program, however, they are not going to be impressed by a plane that flies a little faster. Balance of payment considerations have been advanced, but some economic studies have shown that if the SST flies too many free-spending, rich Americans to Europe, it could worsen our balance of payments faster than the sale of SST's to foreign airlines would help it.

The deepest and most powerful reason is the mystique of technology. If we can go faster and higher, we as a people—or, rather, President Johnson and other decision-makers in our society—seem to feel a compulsion to do so whether or not it is necessary, useful, or economically desirable. Technology is still regarded the way mountains are regarded by mountain climbers. Technology's own logic has to be obeyed simply "because it is there." The United States can never become a truly humane, civilized society until it learns to impose moral and social judgments upon the mindless momentum of technology. Until higher, self-conscious values are brought to bear, the United States is on an escalator headed it knows not where. WILLIAM V. SHANNON

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TIJERINA

The evolution of a primitive rebel

GEORGE W. GRAYSON, JR.

Reies Lopez Tijerina stands at the eye of the turmoil which is sweeping across New Mexico. As founder-president of the Alianza Federal de Mercedes (Federal Alliance of Land Grants), he has stirred in his followers the hope of regaining millions of acres of land granted to their ancestors by King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain. His organization, the motto of which is "Justice is our creed, and the land is our heritage," has assembled mountains of documents which allegedly prove its case. Namely, that the "Anglo" (whiteman) despoiled the Spanish Americans of their holdings through broken treaties, deceit, violence, and the unequal administration of laws. The U.S. Justice Department labels these claims "so fantastic that it's difficult to form a defense in reasonable words."

Once a proud people, the Spanish Americans now eke out an existence amid grinding poverty. Not only have their land-holdings shrunk, but water and grazing areas have been restricted, wood-gathering rights limited, and hunting privileges curtailed. A "land of enchantment" to visitors, New Mexico appears as a colonial state to its impoverished Spanish-speaking citizens. Per-capita income in the north has stagnated in recent years and barely reaches one-third of the national mean ($2,940). In a town such as Torreon, tuberculosis is five times higher and infant mortality three times higher than the average for the United States. According to *The New York Times*, the "lack of educational facilities, poor roads, no jobs, and massive relief . . . bears much resemblance to the plight of Negroes in some parts of Mississippi and other Southern states." The frustrations which these conditions produce has led to a rash of barn, crop, and haystack burnings. Some residents welcomed a recent forest blaze because it provided temporary fire-fighting employment.

GEORGE W. GRAYSON, JR., *is assistant professor in the Department of Economics and Political Science at Mary Washington College of the University of Virginia, Fredericksburg, Va.*

Direct Actionists

Tijerina and his *aliancistas* disdain the Anglo-dominated political system, which they feel is stacked against them. They prefer direct action to court battles, political candidacies, or involvement in political parties. In the past year, they have marched on the Capitol in Santa Fe, temporarily occupied their claim in the Kit Carson National Forest, and petitioned the State Department for recognition of their own city state, the Republic of San Joaquin del Rio de Chama.

The Alianza recently disbanded because of "persecution"—state authorities seized its membership files—and a strategy meeting was called to chart the organization's future. To forestall this session (scheduled for June 3 in Coyote), Santa Fe's flag-waving district attorney, Alfonso Sanchez, jailed a dozen of Tijerina's lieutenants. Convinced that this act was illegal, the *aliancistas* launched a citizens arrest of Sanchez. On Monday, June 5, about fifteen armed men stormed the court house in tiny Tierra Amarilla (population 1,246). They failed to apprehend the district attorney, but in the ruckus two policemen were wounded and a UPI reporter and a deputy sheriff taken hostage.

Acting Governor E. Francis Lee mobilized approximately 400 National Guardsmen to assist the State Police in the manhunt, and tanks rumbled into Rio Arriba County, where Tierra Amarilla is located. Following a

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five day search, which provoked charges of false arrests, illegal detention, and police abuse—my own feeling is that the authorities displayed panic and ineptness rather than premeditated cruelty—Tijerina was captured and placed in the Santa Fe penetentiary.

Upon reaching New Mexico I found it impossible to obtain an objective appraisal of Tijerina. To his followers, he is "seleccionado por Dios" (chosen by God). To the Anglo power structure, he is, as the Santa Fe *New Mexican* expressed it, "a fanatic fomenter of civil unrest." To authorities, such as District Attorney Sanchez, he is a "crazy loco," spouting a "Communist philosophy."

On Saturday, June 17, only by presenting myself as a guide and secretary for Tijerina's blind attorney, was I able to obtain an interview in the Santa Fe penetentiary.

Q. When and where were you born?

A. Fall City [near Laredo] Texas; September 21, 1926.

Q. What do you remember about your parents? Your father's name was Tony, wasn't it?

A. His name was Antonio! And my mother's name was Arlinda. They were both from Texas. They worked in the fields. They cleaned pastures; they picked cotton and cleared fields. Three times I remember that when my father's crop was ripe, the rancher or farmer he worked for made him get out without a cent. One time he went to the judge in Poth, Texas, and complained. The judge told him, "Tony don't make trouble, no law can control that man. You be quiet or you won't even get your chickens back."

Q. And your mother?

A. She was a big woman—strong, big body, big bones, I used to see her carry sacks full of cotton on her back. She had ten children and she never used a, what do you call it?, mid-wife. Only three of the babies died. I was born in the cotton field on sacks full of cotton.

Q. What do you remember about your childhood?

A. We were poor and we used to follow the crops—to Lubbock, White Face, Wilson, Leveland. The names run like stripes through my mind. One time when we lived in Forestville food was pretty scarce; it was the Depression. My mother made an arrow and one bow and she killed a jackrabbit for us to eat.

All the time my father told us how those lands [those which Tijerina's organization are disputing] once belonged to the Spanish people. He kept telling us tales—murder, lynching, killing, burning—how the Texans mistreated my people. You know there were 429 land grants in Texas, given to Spanish people by the Crown.

Q. Was your family religious?

A. My mother was. She prayed before meals and in the evening; she read the Bible a lot. One time when they tried to hang my father—they had a rope around his neck because he wanted his crop—she took me in her arms and cried and prayed. Anyway he got away.

Whenever I cried, my mother, to quiet me, would take me in her arms and say: "Come now, tell your mother what you saw in heaven." Wasn't that strange: ". . . tell your mother what you saw in heaven."

[By this time Tijerina had shed his initial reserve. He talked with animation. His forefinger beat like a miniature tap-hammer on the table which separated us.]

Q. Why did she say that?

A. Well, my family tells me, and you know Anselmo [a 47-year-old brother whom I had interviewed in Albuquerque], he can tell you straight. I had come to the table to eat one day and there was only a half cup of tea for me. It was tea made from the bark of a pecan tree. But there was only a half cup and I wanted a whole cup. I became so . . . how do you say . . . "sentido" that I went back to bed. It was like I died; I stayed in bed 24 hours. My family thought I was gone; they got a coffin for me.

Then I woke up, and I told them I had been walking with Christ. And I had seen flowers and green pastures. So anytime my mother wanted me to stop crying she asked me about heaven.

Q. How old were you then?

A. About 3 or 4. My mother died when I was 6 and it [the vision] was about 2 years before she died.

Q. Did you go to school?

A. Yes, I started in the Smith School when I was eleven. . . . But I had to quit to work. . . . All together I was in school, I'd say, 6 months.

Q. Did you have any fun as a youngster?

A. Oh yes, I had lots of fun. I play baseball, I was a pitcher, I . . . played in Bible school.

Q. Tell me more about the Bible school.

A. In Michigan when I picked beets I had contacts with Protestants; a Baptist minister gave me a New Testament when I was about 15. In 5 or 6 days, I read it—all the way. I decided to go to Bible school. . . . When I get interested in something, I like to get the best and go all the way. I gave up everything when I started preaching—3 suits, a car, furniture. I would take to the road and sleep under bridges, walking all day. That's why I lost my first wife. Three times I gave up everything like the Bible said, and I guess she didn't like it.

Q. What denomination were you?

A. Nothing, not Baptist, not Methodist, no denomination. I knew they would tie me down. It was just the Bible that I believed in.

Q. Do you take the Bible literally?

A. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," is what I believe. It wasn't by chance that the Spanish people crossed the Atlantic; it was God that selected them. We hold the first written documents about title and property. We were born as a new breed—not Mexicans, not Indians. The law in Title 2, Book 6 of Laws of the Indians was written on October 19, 1914. Marriage between Indians and Spaniards was legalized and a new breed was born. The Indians had blood of the

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ten lost tribes of Israel. The Spanish had Jewish and Arab blood. A new breed was born here from two great bloods. A *santa raza* [holy people], who would find justice, was created.

Q. Do you feel that you have been chosen by God?

A. I guess so. Our people had not a guide, no light, no knowledge. God has chosen me.

Q. What books have you read?

A. I read all of them—Napoleon, Socrates, Tolstoy, Spinoza and those guys. Each one gave me more insight into the Bible. I especially like Philo, he explains the Bible. In Bible school, I read . . . the history of the Church, the Bible, doctrine. Then, for two years, I was a preacher in Victoria at the Assembly of God church [1949-51]. I went deep into books . . . Proverbs, Psalms.

Q. What leader—old or modern—do you consider as a model?

A. Moses above any other character. Because of the land; he gave the Israelites a place. New Mexico is a promised land too; New Mexico is a very fortunate land. We need a strong faith. God is our father, the earth is our mother.

Q. What roles does the Church have nowadays?

A. Religion has been exhausted. Religious leaders are selling the name of truth for pleasure, pride, and money. The Archbishop [James Joseph Davis of Albuquerque] took sides against the Indians of Isleta [an Indian community in central New Mexico]. The priest wanted to wipe them out. He sided with the priest. I didn't agree with them.

Q. How do you feel about the Indians? If you get your land back, isn't it possible that they, in turn, will want it from you?

A. There has been much inter-marriage. I personally see Indians as a sacred people, as a relic that God has kept to judge the proud and the selfish. He's saving the Indians to rebuke the Spanish-Americans—to show them that they can keep clean if they want to [that is, Tijerina feels that the Spanish-Americans can live separately and survive as the Indians have done].

Q. Do you see similarities between your movement and the civil rights struggle in the South?

A. Martin Luther King is a man of courage. But no, I don't think so—except any people who is trying to break the bondage of injustice inflicted upon him for centuries . . . [will use] methods such as demonstrations to attract the press. It is kind of similar, but otherwise. . . . We have laws; Negroes needed them. We have an inheritance—documented. He doesn't have rules and moral traditions, we must pity him.

Q. Is it true you have written a book? What's it about?

A. The name is, *Hallara fe en la tierra?* [Will faith be found on earth?]. It's about religion; just plain religion, with great big chapters on justice.

Q. Tell me about the government you will set up when you get your land back.

A. There will be one city, the head city, named Justicia [Tijerina wants a federation of city states]; it will be pretty hard to become a citizen of Justicia, I bet you.

Q. What form of government will it have?

A. Theocratic; the people are thirsty for a theocratic government. The churches have become empty—there's nothing left.

Q. Where will Justicia be located?

A. I don't believe I can say that. But I can tell you, it will be in the Valley of San Joaquin.

Q. What will be the relationship between Justicia and the United States?

A. We'll go along with many things for the sake of peace. We would send congressmen to Washington if they want. But our municipal law would be binding—and our land would not be taxable. Land is our mother; there should be no tax on her.

Q. When do you think you will establish Justicia?

A. When? By the millennium, the coming of Christ . . . when one-third of the people [but no inhabitants of Justicia] will perish.

Q. What are your views on the War in Vietnam?

A. The war is a punishment to destroy the United States. God is deceiving the United States there. The [U.S.] Government is bloodthirsty . . . scientists and greedy men with bombs. Hitler was one man; but the bureaucratic machinery is mad—Robert McNamara, Dean Rusk, Johnson . . . are dragging us down.

Q. Has your movement ever considered politics as a means to obtain its goals?

A. I detest politics. Politics is the enemy of God. I have one life to change the rights of the people. In all glory, richness, that is my goal.

You know my wife, Patsy [Tijerina's second wife, who is 19-years-old and who was locked up during the manhunt]. She has been to school all her life but she can not read or write. You know what that means? [There was a long pause during which I remained silent.] You know what that means? She is retarded. I picked a woman who was only kind. I thought that they were making fun of her in school—and I decided to marry her and put her above all women. It's the will of God. Modern wisdom is foolishness.

Q. I understand the Alianza has been dissolved. Why?

A. It was abolished legally by a meeting of its members. Why? Because of persecution. The court persecuted the Alianza as Nero, the emperor of Rome, persecuted the citizens of Christianity.

Tijerina exuded confidence. Not arrogance but confidence. When he entered prison, the inmates had shouted "Viva Reies!" As the guard took him down the corridor, Tijerina walked as if he might be the proprietor of a large hotel, showing a guest around. The guard treated him with courtesy. An Alianza official told me that guards have made inquiries about how they can contribute to the prisoner's defense fund.

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making the choice impossible

DILEMMAS OF THE DRAFT

Draft Board Theology

The alternatives facing most young men of draft age who oppose the war in Vietnam are cruel: five years in jail or emigration from the United States. Most cannot answer honestly the theologically outmoded and discriminatory form for conscientious objection supplied by the Selective Service system. A Christian theologian would not be able to assent to the form as it is now written; the form, moreover, seems to put local draft boards in the position of playing inquisitor—sending boys who answer falteringly to war, jail or exile. Could the men who made up the questions on SSS Form No. 150 pass an examination in theology? Not in this century.

The first question the form asks is: "Do you believe in a Supreme Being?" One must answer "Yes" or "No." Any young man who has read Paul Tillich knows that this stark choice poses an impossible dilemma. To call God "a" Being, even a "Supreme" Being, is to make him into an object among other objects, and hence to fall into idolatry. In the ordinary sense of "being," God cannot be called a being. Most young men in the colleges find it impossible to believe in a God who is "a being," even a Supreme Being (somewhere out there). A theologically untrained older generation may think of God as "Supreme Being," but many in the younger generation emphatically do not.

Next the candidates are told: "Describe the nature of your belief which is the basis of your claim . . . and state whether or not your belief in a Supreme Being involves duties which are superior to those arising from any human relation." Many young men know of no duties *except* those which arise from human relations. If they use the word "God" at all, it is in connection with certain experiences they have in and only in human relations. In this they agree with the most distinguished Catholic theologian of the older generation, Karl Rahner, who has recently argued in *Theological Investigations VI* that love of God is *identical* with love of man.

Again, the young do not think in terms of "duty." They think in terms of "responsibility," in which the key idea is "response"—respectful response to the reality of other persons. Their notion of God derives from experiences of human relations. "How can you love God whom you do not see, if you do not love your neighbor whom you do see?" (1 John, 4). They find something *in* human relations which makes human relations superior to any other part of life. They would be willing to leave mother, father, wife, sister, brother, in the name of conscience—but they think of conscience itself as a form of interpersonal relations. How can one have any human relation at all unless one keeps personal integrity? Such integrity makes mutual love possible. Such integrity, moreover, is dependent on mutual love and impossible without it. There is no duty "superior to" the responsibilities of human relations so conceived. God is present in human relations and is not known in any other way.

Perhaps the trouble arises because the folk religion of the Selective Service apparently distinguishes "duties towards God" from "duties towards family" and "duties towards country" and, reluctantly, gives priority to the first. The more acute theology of the young holds that God (if one *must* use that much cheapened name) is present through the light of personal conscience in human relations. God is not thought of as separate and "above" family and nation. Family and nation apart from the light of personal conscience are salt without savor, good for nothing but to be trampled on by men. The young do not adore family or nation or any other human relation. They place conscience above family and nation. But this conscience develops in and through human relations. It is not "superior to" them but their very heart and core. "I looked for you everywhere, my God," St. Augustine wrote, "but when I found you, you were within me."

Thirdly, the candidate is asked to explain "How, when, and from whom and from what sources you received the training and acquired the belief which is the basis of your claim?" The answer for many candidates would entail citing sources the draft board members may not recognize or, recognizing, may fear: Herman Hesse, Albert Camus, Jean-Paul Sartre, Dostoevsky, Tillich, Bonhoeffer, the Nuremberg trials. The source is unlikely to be a church, a minister, priest, or nun; it is unlikely to be parents. Almost certainly the source will be books, most often by existentialist philosophers or theologians. Who else writes so centrally of the importance of conscience? The other common sources will be friends who led one to the books.

Consequently, question 4, "Give the name and present address of the individual upon whom you rely most for religious guidance," is pretty silly. The expected answer seems to assume that Americans still live in small towns where they have known the local minister since they were knee-high, and he stands ready to testify to one's good-

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ness, seriousness, and piety. In fact, most college students know no adult at all to whom they go for guidance—no one minister, and almost certainly not even one professor. The mobility and impersonality of contemporary life makes the word "guidance" quaint. Students are on their own. They make do with friends, conversations, public lectures and books. They are often either fiercely conformist or fiercely independent.

Finally, asked to answer "Under what circumstances, if any, do you believe in the use of force?" most students would have to say that they would probably approve of the attempt by Dietrich Bonhoeffer and others to assassinate Hitler. They would use force to halt a drunken driver—possibly even if he were the captain of their own ship of state. But they wish to reserve the judgment over "circumstances" to themselves. They will not merely obey orders, not from army commanders, nor even from the chief of state. The Nuremberg declaration does not allow them to surrender such judgment into any one else's hands.

A Theological Disgrace

In short, the conscience of many young men and also of contemporary theology demands new standards for conscientious objection. Do we want all those who hate the violence of the brutal, mistaken war in Vietnam to go to jail or to leave our shores? Do we want the voice of conscience crushed and oppressed? Do we want an ever larger police state? The present draft law is intolerable. The form for conscientious objection is a theological disgrace.

Recently, I have seen too many splendid young men mentally and emotionally broken by the threefold choice between (1) killing other human beings in an unnecessary and evil war, (2) going to jail for five years, or (3) leaving their native land. They cannot bear this strain alone. I know that it is a felony punishable by the same penalties they face—up to five years in jail or a fine up to $10,000 —to aid, abet or encourage men to resist the draft. In order to share the burden of an unjust and stupid draft law, I would like to join those who aid, abet, and encourage young men to resist the draft. Many must resist, until the conscience of a sleeping and silly nation is awakened. There are worse things than jail—living in a nation, for example, that cares so little about justice and peace. To be sure, the words "justice" and "peace" are ever on the lips of politicians, ministers of God, and the slumbering people in whose name so many deaths are being inflicted daily. But the United States cherishes the myth of anti-Communism more than it cherishes justice and peace. We have duped ourselves into being warriors and crusaders. We are paying for our blindness with the mangled bodies of young men. Our blindness is not worth that price: not of a single living human being, surely not of the young men with whom many of us daily live.

MICHAEL NOVAK

Deciding Careers With 'The Club of Induction'

Nearly obscured behind the continuing controversy over the fairness of the Selective Service System in its present form is a question some consider much larger: the far-reaching results the whole draft deferment system has on the lives of young men, completely apart from any question at all of military needs. By challenging the constitutionality of alternative service for conscientious objectors, a 25-year-old Catholic C.O. from San Francisco has in fact raised the larger issue. Beginning court action in San Francisco's Federal District Court, he contends that alternative service is part of a pattern to control the civilian manpower pool within the context of a system by which Selective Service seeks to direct the career choices of all of America's young men.

Classified 1-0 on religious grounds in September, 1965, Vincent O'Connor, son of a S.F. Superior Court judge, notified the Selective Service that he would not accept the usual non-military work. He had been ordered to report to the Los Angeles Department of Charities as an "institutional helper"; however, he ignored the order and continued working in Arkansas as a civil rights organizer. Arrested on April 22, O'Connor was brought to San Francisco by federal marshalls and then released on his own recognizance. After a June 9 preliminary hearing, O'Connor has been ordered to stand for a jury trial on August 7.

There have been attempts in past years by C.O.'s to challenge, in the courts, the concept of alternative service. These cases have been based mainly on the fact that the government has no right under the Constitution to force a man to do a specific non-military job as a condition of being granted the privilege of being a C.O.

In a number of these cases the decisions have suggested that alternative service is necessary to the raising of an army as a means of preserving discipline and morale in the armed forces. They have thereby grounded such alternative service on the power of Congress to raise armies, and to take effective measures to preserve the efficiency of those armies.

But now, in a legal brief by Berkeley attorneys, Peter Franck and Jeanette Hermes, O'Connor charges that the Selective Service, instead of limiting its activities to procuring military manpower for the U.S. armed forces, "is seeking to allocate that manpower that is not necessary for military duty to economic pursuits which the Selective Service System feels are necessary for the national interest.

"It is only by the most strained interpretation of the term 'national interest' that one can assume that a person who cleans out bedpans in a charitable hospital is

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working in the national interest as that national interest is related to the war powers in Article I, Section 8 of the Constitution.

"Under this tortured reasoning of the Selective Service System, any job or function which contributes in any way to the operation of the national economy is in the national interest."

Criticizing Lt. General Lewis B. Hershey, director of the Selective Service System, O'Connor said the general views the draft as being a "Ministry of Labor." Hershey has maintained that the deferment of men from military service to pursue civilian activities has always been a function of Selective Service: "The spectrum of skills vital to the nation's capacity to survive has steadily broadened. Its limits cannot be foreseen . . . Selective Service deferment policies to channel men into these activities and to induce them to remain there have normally anticipated public recognition of the need. . . . Flexible deferment policies provided for in the law permits Selective Service not only to help meet today's manpower needs, but to anticipate tomorrow's, to adapt manpower policies to changing needs as they arise. . . ."

Hershey notes, "One reason the nation's shortage of scientists, engineers and technicians in the late 1950's was not 40,000 to 50,000 greater was the System's student deferment policies of earlier years. . . ."

A key piece of evidence O'Connor's attorneys plan on introducing to the court is *Channeling*, a Government Printing Office publication designed for the "internal orientation of Selective Service employees." In their ten-page legal brief Franck and Hermes describe the publication as an explanation of how the "totalitarian policy of dictating career choices to America's millions of young men is dressed up in acceptable sheep's clothing."

They note a particular passage from the publication which discusses the word "service": "The meaning of the word 'service,' with its former restricted application to the armed forces, is certain to become widened much more in the future. This brings with it the ever increasing problems of how to control effectively the service of individuals who are not in the armed forces."

Elsewhere "choice" is discussed:

"The psychology of granting wide choice under pressure to take action is the American or indirect way of achieving what is done by direction in foreign countries where choice is not permitted."

Channeling adds, "The club of induction has been used to drive out of areas considered to be less important to the areas of greater importance in which deferments were given, the individuals who did not or could not participate in activities which were considered essential to the defense of the nation. The Selective Service System anticipates further evolution in this area."

O'Connor, who also presents the traditional arguments that alternative service violates the First, Fifth, Ninth and Thirteenth Amendments, vows he will take his case to the Supreme Court if necessary. But the federal government's attorneys may prefer a speedy trial before the case gains any national publicity. Although the immediate issue is alternative service, O'Connor is really asking whether Selective Service has been acting in "excess of the statutory and Constitutional authority" the nation has granted it.

A. V. KREBS, JR.

RAGGEDY ANDY WARHOL

THE SCREEN

In the basement of the Museum of Modern Art, just above the Sixth Avenue subway tracks, is a small dark room that houses Thomas Wilfred's "Lumia Suite, Op. 158." This is a musical composition which, when played on a machine of Wilfred's invention called the clavilux, is projected on a screen as a series of constantly moving colored forms. Op. 158 is divided into three movements, and the climax of one comes in a glorious eruption of rich colors. One recent afternoon, this geyser was about to bubble up, when one began to hear, or rather feel, deep rumblings. As the colors built up, the rumblings grew louder; and as the blazing forms burst, the noise actually shook the room.

It was a beautiful experience. But the beauty had little to do with the artist's creation: it simply happened that a subway had passed under the building while Op. 158 was spurting away. Wilfred certainly didn't base his composition on a subway timetable, and he didn't have to; the work is quite impressive unaccompanied. But many artists, important representatives of each branch of the arts, are relying inceasingly on happenstance in their works; Dame Chance has become the tenth Muse; "all objects are equally artistic," they say, and so any old thing can be —is—a work of art.

The most interesting thing about the theory of aleatory, or chance, art is the sort of argument it inspires. One hardly need imagine the following dialectic between fan and skeptic, for one can overhear it at nearly any museum or concert hall:

Fan. But what about the train experience? You called that "beautiful."

Skeptic. Beautiful, yes; art, no.

Fan. What's the difference?

Skeptic. Art must be ordered, not accidental.

Fan. Then admit you're interested in order, not beauty, as I am.

Skeptic. Then admit you're not an artist, but a beautician.

You'd think that, in the midst of all this debate, our theoreticians would realize that, since everything is art, the artist's prime function (to choose what he can make into art) is made obsolete, and so there should be no art-

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ists. In fact, though, it has led scores of dullards to conclude that they have as much right to be called artists as anyone else, and to proceed accordingly. Out of this wealth of mediocrity, three non-artists have emerged as an avant-garde Blessed Trinity: musician John Cage (the father), movie mogul Andy Warhol (the son) and painter Jackson Pollock (the holy ghost). Though each has the faults of his hysterical disciples, he has something to offer the traditional seeker after beauty and art. This especially applies to the generally banal work of Andy Warhol.

Warhol began making films—or rather, exposing film—about three years ago. In his earliest films, he consciously made as few artistic choices as possible: the existential decision to make a film, the choice of location and set-up, the type of camera and film, and the length of time. Thus, "Empire," several hours in front of the Empire State Building. There was nothing new in this spare approach to movie-making. Two of the earliest filmmakers, the Lumiére brothers of France, had filmed such documentaries as "The Workers Leaving the Factory." The theory was the same: one scene, one shot, one film.

Warhol's first brainstorm was the choice of title for another early (1964) epic: "Blow Job." This film had as much plot as did the Lumiéres' first "story" film, "The Gardener Waters Himself." But whereas the French movie took only a few seconds, Warhol's "Blow Job" was 33 minutes long. Here the one-shot idea worked perfectly. One of the oldest and most honored rules of film-making is "the shorter the shot, the greater the tension"; the early chase films would cut from the heroine, tied to the tracks, to the hero, riding to her rescue, and the cuts would come more quickly as the plot progressed. Warhol, perhaps unintentionally, showed that a shot held for a long while—the shot being that of a languid young man's head and shoulders against a wall—could create an anxious excitement of its own. True, the interest was not prompted solely by the technique; one realized that the subsequent shot would probably show the act of fellatio. But for the first ten minutes of the shot (it lasted the length of the film), the very fact that there was no change of scene riveted one's attention. When it finally becomes apparent that the shot is there to stay, anxiety of a different sort took over.

This startling device has precedents: the three-minute tableau of stunned characters at the end of Gogol's "The Government Inspector" is one. But Warhol's indirect challenge to the viewer—"to get up and leave, but you might miss something"—is never accepted. And, of course, Warhol chose the title. "Languid Young Man Leaning Against Wall" would have provoked instant boredom.

With this stroke of genius behind him, Andy tackled fiction films. Again, his first efforts were unexciting, even awful. But, in casting these films, in choosing the scenarists and cameramen, he was assuming the role of an avant-garde Hollywood producer, a Louis Mayer of the Underground. When selecting players, usually his friends or friends of friends, he looked for a person with an indefinable spark of "magic"—the same charisma possessed by a Cary Grant, a Jean Arthur. Within two years he had assembled so many magical people around him that a fascinating film was bound to "happen." It was the law of averages.

"The Chelsea Girls" happened to be the film. But it's not blind chance that has made it a blockbuster in three above-ground midtown New York theatres, where it is beginning its sixth month, and earned it the tag "the 'Sound of Music' of the Underground." The film does have appeal; the people in it are repulsively fascinating; at its conclusion, it is even touching. Most of all, it's often bloody funny.

Example: with red and blue lights pummeling his body, a blond boy lectures on Sweat. "I'll just sit here and groove on myself. . . . My sweat tastes nice. I was good in Biology. I liked Biology. And the teacher. Her sweat tasted good too." Meanwhile, on a second screen, a dozen people, including the boy, watch the lecture. "He isn't human," one says.

Example: junkie, "Pope" Undine Rossini, talks about his reign. "Being a Pope isn't easy. It isn't hard either. It's just something you are. During my Popage, the Roman Catholic Church has disappeared and Greenwich Village has taken its place. My flock consists of homosexuals, perverts, thieves, criminals of any sort. I'm Pope for the few who really care. I have a mother and father, two older sisters, Clarinda and Thisbe, and a few relatives in the garment industry. Give me a confession! The Pope is insatiable!" A girl comes in to confess and, provoked by his insults, calls him a phony. He flies into a rage, beats her and sends her away. "How dare you tell me I'm a phony, on my set!" he cries. "Do you know what she did, audience of mine? On my time? God forgive her, and all like her, who do no good in the name of good." He sips furiously away on a Coke, and calms down. "Pepsi is really preferable," he confides.

Final example: a beautiful, sadistic girl, who earlier had driven another to tears with threats and insults, sits between a bickering mother and son. She stares blankly at the camera, and a single tear runs down her face. The camera closes in on her, the shot is held, then fades out. The film is over, but the image stays, and affects.

Again, this semi-documentary technique has been used before, and successfully, in the French "Chronicle of A Summer" and the American "Meet Marlon Brando." They succeed, as does "The Chelsea Girls" in spite of its excessive length, frequent dull spots and absence of film technique, because their creators have realized that people—certain people, at least—are fascinating. Warhol, in choosing his superstars, his magicians, has let some art slip into his films, although, characteristically, he has not produced any of it. RICHARD CORLISS

(Philip T. Hartung is en route back from Europe, where he served on the jury of the Berlin Film Festival.)

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Why Sign This Call For These First Steps By the U.S.?

Because it rejects our present tragic entrapment in a war we do not want;

Because it rejects the untenable choices of either continued escalation to all-out war or "pulling out" and abandoning any responsibility for a stable peace in Southeast Asia;

Because we ask both sides to act responsibly to end the war;

Because U Thant's efforts must be supported and sustained to end this war and to strengthen international institutions to help prevent future Vietnams.

But We've Stopped the Bombing Before and It Didn't Work. Why Should It Work Now?

Previous U.S. bombing halts have not made clear our willingness to negotiate with all combatants, including the National Liberation Front. We have maintained unacceptable preconditions to negotiations, as have North Vietnam and the National Liberation Front. But the situation has changed. As recently as June 1st it was indicated that a halt to the bombing could lead to negotiations.

Do the North Vietnamese really want to negotiate?

There are those in the leadership on both sides who prefer to continue the war. These actions by the U.S. could bring the pressure of Vietnamese and world opinion to bear on such leaders to join in a cease-fire and begin negotiations.

Is such a campaign patriotic?

This campaign is committed to democratic elections in which all South Vietnamese can participate freely.

The President has said many times that he wants a negotiated settlement of the war that will assure South Vietnam a free choice of its own government. It is clear that the present course has failed. We urge this new policy which offers hope of success in achieving our stated goals.

For the sake of the young men who are fighting now and those who will be called upon to fight, we ought to try this new course. It could be the first step to an honorable peace and bringing our soldiers home.

- We support the call by U Thant for new initiatives to bring about negotiations among all parties to the conflict, leading to a political settlement of the Vietnam war.
- We call upon the United States, the most powerful nation in the world, to take the first step and end the bombing of North Vietnam now and without conditions. We ask our government to take further initiatives leading to a standstill truce.
- We ask North Vietnam and the National Liberation Front to respond affirmatively to any new United States initiatives and to join with the U. S. in a standstill cease-fire.
- We ask South Vietnam to respect and join in these steps.

This course of action presents to the United States a moral alternative to our stated policy of bringing about negotiations by force, or to the devastation of all-out war, and a more realistic alternative than unilateral withdrawal.

We believe that such initiatives now can break the impasse and lead to negotiations and a political settlement providing for the removal of all foreign troops and for genuinely democratic elections in which all South Vietnamese can participate freely.

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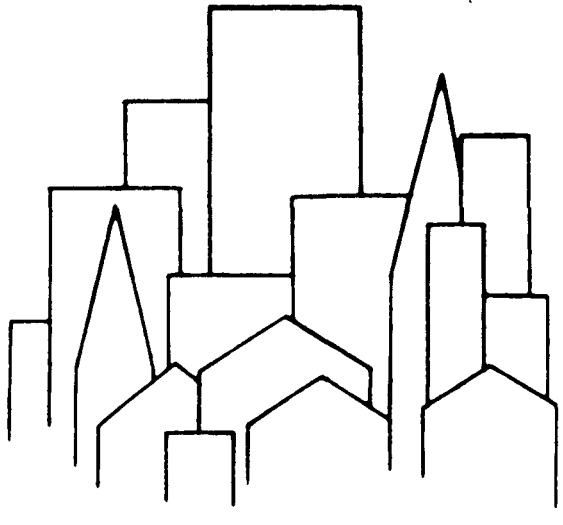

THE KNOWN USTINOV

THE STAGE

The roots of Peter Ustinov's talent might not be clear to most Americans. He made his first impression in the early 1940's in London revue skits, and he remains a witty and occasionally penetrating revue writer. It is his misfortune to have aspired to greater things.

His latest play, "The Unknown Soldier and His Wife," is two and a half hours of revue glued together by a half-hour of Fabian gum. His skits are sometimes very funny; the glue is unbearable.

The archetypical London revue—think of "Beyond the Fringe"—can be counted on to employ the following devices: a literary satire (preferably of Shakespeare), anachronistic jokes, parodies of accents and needling of clergymen. That, plus soppy pacifist philosophizing, is the extent of this play.

To drag together all his skits, Ustinov needed a sinuous plot and he chose a dilly. Start with a parody of the burial of an unknown soldier (the archbishop more worried about the size of the TV audience than the dead man, right?) and then zip back for a gander at unknown soldiers and their tormentors throughout history. The idea is revue heaven, and one would have no right to scorn it if Ustinov did not insist it was deep-think.

The skit about Rome is a hint dreary but things pick up when we come to medieval times, which, perhaps because revue-niks have discovered that Middle English does not get laughs, is done in Elizabethan. The archbishop is transformed into a Crusades-preaching abbot, who at one point appears to be drunk but insists he has only been conducting an experiment—"I'm on the trail of the damnedest after-dinner cordial." During the Crusade, the unknown soldier, ever the compleat innocent and ever leaving behind a pregnant wife, falls to the Arabs in the desert.

The high point of the play comes at the start of the second act, in a superb parody of Restoration comedy—with the archbishop as a foppish and bewigged seducer. This melts into a pastiche of the French Revolution, where the unknown soldier has his head chopped off for failing to understand why it is necessary to denounce the king.

Then there is a reprise on "O What a Lovely War" and we are back in times present, with everybody ready for the TV burial. However, the unknown soldier, dressed in a wonderful set of bloody rags, leaps from his coffin and announces that he refuses to take the rap this time. HE WANTS TO LIVE. One of those on stage—safe to say voicing the deepest sentiments of the author—explains that the unknown has been "the one constant factor since the beginning of time," the down-trodden inno-

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cent, and now that he has at last revolted, great things are portended. . . . . Yeah.

The direction of John Dexter seems to me faultless, striving to disguise as much as possible the episodic character of the play. I have never seen the thrust stage at the Vivian Beaumont used with better effect.

The acting is of a high order. Top marks to Brian Bedford for neatly spanning a variety of characterizations ranging from martinet to fruit. Howard da Silva makes a suitably smarmy archbishop, although it is a bit wounding to hear that mellifluous voice, so often raised in defense of minorities, filled with such lust and cynicism. Christopher Walden, as the unknown soldier, has a goo-goo part but he makes the best of it, although he could go a little easier on the eyelash-fluttering.

The juiciest role is that of the diabolic inventor, capably done by Bob Dishy in a German accent that owes much to Peter Sellers. Now hear a prediction: in revues for years to come, some such version of Dr. Strangelove will be a requisite. I hope that Mr. Ustinov, abandoning the soapbox, creates his share of them.

CHARLES MONAGHAN

BOOKS

Father Jim talks about the Church

A Modern Priest Looks at His Outdated Church

JAMES KAVANAUGH

Trident Press, $4.95

RICHARD HORCHLER

Before saying anything good about Father Kavanaugh's book, the adroit reviewer will establish his own excellent judgment and high objectivity by citing lapses from these standards in the book. Since almost everything about *A Modern Priest* is vulnerable to attack, this isn't hard.

The heavy-handedness of the publisher (a division of Simon & Schuster) is the first cause of distress. The book is bound in clerical black, the dust jacket much be-crossed, and the author's name given repeatedly as "Father James Kavanaugh," never "James Kavanaugh." Even the copyright is not to "James" but to "Father." And surely there has never been a dust jacket with so many and such passionate blurbs. Sample: "This book will move the world."

Hysteria and the hard sell mark Father Kavanaugh's own approach as well, from the embarrassingly sentimental dedication to the frequent, also embarrassing, direct-address messages to the reader, to those Father Kavanaugh failed in the bad old days before the scales fell from his eyes, and to God. Father Kavanaugh's criticisms of his "outdated Church"—for its inhumanity, legalism, rigidity and duplicities—are unusual only in that they are so violent, so angry, so nakedly anguished, and that they come in this form from a priest.

We have been told often enough of the Catholic Church's dereliction of its responsibility to work for justice in the world, its absolutizing of the historically conditioned experiences of its past, the triumphalism which has prevented it from admitting, much less correcting, its errors and failures. We have been told of the superstition and ritualism which corrupted Catholic teachings on the sacraments and prayer. We have been told of the neuroticism which infected Catholic attitudes (defined by celibates) on sex, and therefore marriage, and therefore birth control. We are not surprised, these days, by criticism of the half-reformed liturgy, marriage laws, clerical celibacy, parochial schools or anything else.

But we have grown used to cautious presentations of these strictures, in learned journals or in more or less "highbrow" publications, and by writers who keep to the impersonal and abstract, who give at least the impression of objectivity, who know how to protect themselves with careful phrasing and strategic qualification. Father Kavanaugh's utterance is one we have not heard before, a heedless cry of pain, rage, guilt and self-pity. The words "screaming" and "weeping," for example, appear in it again and again. And its chief mode of argument is that of the atrocity story, repeated and repeated.

To say of such a performance that Father Kavanaugh exaggerates, that he is emotional, simplistic, unfair, etc., etc., is to be correct, obviously, but not very helpful. A more useful response to any hysterical outburst is not an itemization of its excesses, inaccuracies and offenses against good taste, but an appreciation of the truths that tirade may contain and an effort to understand the pressures which produced it. Read in this way, Father Kavanaugh's book becomes important and moving in what it says of a religion, a religious culture and a form of priestly life which worked to produce this kind of eruption.

Negro rights advocate Stokely Carmichael, it occurs to me, is a similarly angry, imprudent man. In his case the source of the fury is the de-humanization and exploitation suffered not by Catholics but by Negroes in America, and not just in the past but now, at any given moment, the atrocities continuing even as Carmichael is being reproved for his excesses and lack of patience. Father Kavanaugh too has lost all patience, will hear no more of gradualism and restraint as he sees human beings —and himself—crippled and crushed by

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a system which continues to grind on as its functionaries deliberate on when and where and how most gracefully to alter it. Ironically, it is doubtless a kind of "revolution of rising expectations," set off by the progress of recent years in religion as well as civil rights, that intensifies the resentment and turns impatience into frenzy among those who look for change.

A year ago Father Kavanaugh wrote in much the same vein but under a pseudonym in the article "I Am a Priest; I Want to Marry" in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Now he signs his name. Most significantly, Father Kavanaugh has not "left the priesthood," has not "lost" his "faith" or his "vocation." He challenges the institution of the Roman Catholic Church in its traditional definition of these ideas; he is and insists he wishes to remain a priest; and he will not be quiet.

Whatever one may think of this, it is a phenomenon of no small importance. It marks a new, even more troubled phase in the torturous process of renewal in the Catholic Church.

Fathers

HERBERT GOLD

Random House, $5.95

JUDITH SKLAR

Fathers really defies criticism, for who, when you get right down to it, can say anything bad about fathers? And especially about good fathers, who give their sons love, education, freedom, money, and the independence of mind to use them? And more especially, about good fathers who are interesting, forthright men in themselves?

In this "novel in the form of a memoir," Herbert Gold's father Sam Gold is a *mentsch*: he has all the right virtues. At twelve, in Kamenets-Podolsk, Russia, he wanted to ride away to America and pick up the gold in the streets; at thirteen he crossed the ocean alone. He saved his money to bring his brothers and sister over one by one. He learned English and moved to Ohio, which vaguely resembled his native Ukraine. He learned to pay the gangsters for the protection of his fruits and vegetables; he wore green shoes, rode a motorcycle, and found a sweet little slightly Americanized wife and had many sons. He later cheated on his wife just a bit—with Myrna, his chief clerk —but that too was a good act. It made him more human. Energy, decision, and will characterized his life. He was never satisfied, he was always moving on, forever willing to take a reasonable risk, because "today a man is never secure."

All this for his children, "for the future." But Herb, his skinny son with American ideas of football games on Saturday afternoons, nature walks with Pattie Donahue, and fathers who commute from, instead of working in, a Cleveland suburb, is an unwilling recipient. He must work in the store—"to learn the value of a dollar," "to learn what's what in life," "to find which it's like something to be a man." From Herb's rebellion, fatherhood and *Fathers* are made. The story is familiar, in fiction and in life. The son becomes a man, leaves his father's family to make his own. At eighteen, in 1943, Herb enlists in the U.S. Army. When he returns, he just wants to get married on the G.I. Bill. His father says, "That's right. I cockameemied around too. That's just what I did, only I did it altogether different."

But as true and as familiar as this story is, it is also somehow fake, unsettling, and altogether too easy. It stands for things it does not say. It calls into play feelings which it has not actually evoked of itself. It uses all of our good will toward our own fathers, washes us of our resentments and quarrels by proving, by example, that they are a natural part of life, and makes us feel fond and slightly superior.

There is (or should be) something else going on in *Fathers*. Beneath the nostalgia and the scrupulous detailing of the generations, there should be something hard, something real. Instead the hardness fizzles out, dissipates. The eleven-year-old Herb, a man among men in the Russian steam baths, comes upon his father and his cronies looking at girlie pictures. Herb throws a tantrum and wants to go home. This, as far as the reader knows, is the end of the episode in Herb's mind. It seems in no way to have damaged or altered his relationship with his father, in no way to have changed his thinking about men and himself. It is simply a fact, even for an eleven-year-old.

And what of his father's famous indiscretion with Myrna? Although he was too young to understand it at the time, he obviously caught on later—yet we have no sense of how he came to understand, of what he thought and felt, of how he reacted to father, mother, and Myrna. He flinches and shirks; he does not confront the acts he describes, and he certainly does not face their consequences. As a result, most of the time, the real interaction between father and son is missing. Gold just gets on with the story, forgetting that its real value lies in his reactions to it.

As it stands, *Fathers* is held together only by the vigor of its main character, Sam Gold. He is an unusual figure in the literature of American Jewish immigrants, a tough and successful man (a role usually reserved for mothers). He looks for risks, and when he gambles, he wins. He has vitality and dignity. Next to his father, author Gold seems rather dull. He inspires a grudging, rational admiration, but no real sympathy. Hence the shortcomings of his book. If he had written it as a memoir, Sam could happily sustain it; but since it is supposed to be a novel, we are owed something more. Somewhere in *Fathers* that novel exists, but Gold hasn't had the strength to find it.

The Thirty Thousand

CARMEN IRIZARRY

Harcourt, Brace, $6.95

ANNE FREMANTLE

While the Concordat between the Vatican and Spain remains in vigor, the measures envisaged by the Second Vatican Council's Schema on Religious Liberty cannot legally be enacted in Spain. This is one of the grim paradoxes of the Church-State relationship in Franco's country, forthrightly discussed by a young Puerto-Rican Catholic, Carmen

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Irizarry, currently working as a journalist in Madrid. She has collected an enormous, undigested amount of most depressing material, which she has prefaced with an interesting historical account of how Spain "got that way."

She considers the Spanish concern for religious "purity" to be the obverse of its lack of concern for racial purity. Over four hundred years of Moorish domination, during which Jews and Christians, "people of the Book," were free to practice their religion openly and unmolested, so long as they paid their taxes, ended with the Reconquest and, in 1492, the expulsion of the Jews. Sixty years later, in 1559 the first *auto-da-fe* was held. Quoting Americo Castro, professor of Spanish history at Princeton, she thinks that the notion of the Church-State sprang originally from the minds of those who were anxious to forget what they had been. Certainly the incidence of Moorish and Jewish descent among the victims of the Inquisition was unusually high, and Menedez Pelayo writes that "the radical questions explain many phenomena, resolve many enigmas in our history." Ferdinand the Catholic and Torquemada, like Hitler, had Jewish blood, and there is no doubt that Spanish Christianity only became fanatical after the Moors and Jews had disappeared.

From the tortures inflicted on sixteenth-century heretics, Miss Irizarry passes to the tribulations of today's Protestants, which she documents in many chapters and with many relevant, and not a few irrelevant, verses. Such a statement as that of the Metropolitan Conference of Bishops of 1948, "Freedom of worship for individuals is false, if it is considered as the right of each person to practice the religion that he chooses or deems proper . . . the faithful . . . have the sacred duty to become members of the only Church founded by Christ" is horribly valuable, and it is exceedingly useful to have a clear account of all post-Civil War religious legislation. But neither a long account of *Opus Dei*, nor references to Dom Mercier's troubles with his psychoanalyzed monks in Cuernavaca, Mexico, seem truly relevant.

Also Miss Irizarry plays favorites. She seems to have interviewed no Plymouth Brethren, who, according to her own statistics, are numerically much the most numerous of any Spanish Protestant group. She also refuses to accept Jehovah's Witnesses as Protestants, or even to number them. She produces pertinent facts such as that the Catholic Church costs the Spanish Government almost twenty million dollars a year, and she takes up several paragraphs describing the dedication of a statue of the Sacred Heart as a symbol of national unity. Alas, although ecumenism seems to be rearing its lovely head even in Spain, and Miss Irizarry gives a few instances of inter-faith courtesy, she proves it is still terribly difficult for Protestants to get married or buried.

The book would be better for cutting, and Miss Irizarry would be more convincing if she knew a little more about the Catholic Church to which she constantly claims to belong.

Music from Inside Out

NED ROREM

George Braziller, $4

RICHARD WYSZYNSKI

Ned Rorem, known probably more than anything else as an American composer of art songs, has here compiled an assortment of essays and lectures. Alongside what often read like junior college appreciation texts painstakingly doled out for the lay-mind are found sketches of Poulenc and Honegger, random notes from a diary, and answers to four questions regarding his personal working habits. One section unfolds like a PTA address, briefing parents about what their children can except (hardship unlimited) in pursuit of a musical career. Another chapter is practically a service manual on song writing, for those whom hardship presumably will not put off.

It is when Rorem depicts his life as a composer in decomposing times that he avoids the constriction of an educational TV kinescope and brings forth interesting appraisals of the contemporary outlook: "John Cage, a genius

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—Robert T. Francoeur

Henri de Lubac, SJ

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without talent," and "Most composers, if they want, can now land well-paid jobs in universities. By their second year they've begun to believe what they teach, and by their tenth they're rich and (except for Milton Babbitt) obscure. I'm for the University Composer only if he's not expected to know how to teach. He should be given money and time in exchange for only his presence."

The author does not exaggerate the predicament of insecurity long associated with the musical profession. If it sounds familiar, it is because little except sympathy has been offered to change it. However, instead of concentrating an attack on, for example, business middlemen—nonmusical go-betweens who capitalize on the efforts of the artists—he keeps his lamentations somewhat generalized with an occasional misplaced complaint against what he feels are uncooperative performers.

There are many such, admittedly, but if one is to generalize, the plight of performers themselves has never been sufficiently and thoroughly understood. It does not occur even to Rorem that one of his works might have easily been granted a better performance by an adventurous Louisville orchestra than by a tired, overworked Philadelphian. When it comes to effecting a humane working contract, as in the latter's case at the start of the present concert season, symphony personnel stand alone, forced to strike if necessary in order to call attention to their simplest needs.

Composers stand alone, too, as is well emphasized. "The unknown hopeful has spent maybe three years of lonely labor on a single piece, and maybe fifteen hundred dollars for an hour's practical experience . . . for solace he always has the dubious but tangible write-up which, however accurate, is no more than desultory comment on his deepest thoughts."

The American critic, by inference, does not feel himself as part of the team. He is always busy guarding the public rather than the artist, though from what we are not always sure. Not from the constant harangue of ersatz Muzak ("omnipresence of music derives not from love of sound but from fear of silence"), or from atrophy of musical standards (". . . the classics approach us with the pacifying inactivity of corpses"). The single piece of advice Rorem indirectly proffers to the keystone kops of culture takes the form of a quote from Hawthorne: "It is a good lesson—though it may often be a hard one—for a man who has dreamed of literary fame, and of making for himself a rank among the world's dignitaries by such means, to step outside of the narrow circle in which his claims are recognized, and to find how utterly devoid of significance, beyond that circle, is all he achieves, all he aims at."

The hypocrisy of the American listener comes in for its share of censure as well. "The most vociferous record public," accosts Rorem, "is, of course, made up of opera fans who are occupied first with a singer's reputation, second with voice production, third with the story, and last but not most with the music. Music itself seems more sport than art, and the vast audience resembles that of a tennis match: heads move in hypnotic unison from left to right to left as a high-C flies over the net to be whammed back by a rival coloratura. . . . There are tourists incapable of looking at a masterpiece for its own sake. They bow into a camera, snap experiences never had, then rush home and develop these celluloid events so as to see where they've been."

For the layman, Ned Rorem's book, even without benefit of the best focus and balance, may present more information not only about where they've been, but also where it's at.

Eustace Chisholm and the Works

JAMES PURDY

Farrar, Straus, $5.95

IRVING MALIN

Eustace Chisholm and the Works is, on one level, a study of economic collapse. It gives us the unemployed, the downtrodden, and the nondescript in Chicago of the late '30s and early '40s. Although Purdy describes their hardship "amidst the industrial whirlwind of America's economic burnout," he is less interested in naturalistic facts and figures than in the terrifying relationship between money—or the lack of it—and the will to power.

His novel is primarily a study of "perversity." Almost every male character—Eustace Chisholm, Daniel Haws, Captain Stadger, Amos Ratcliffe, and Clayton Harms—is in love with other men rather than women. It is easy to object to such perversity, but our objections should not blind us to the fact that Purdy is trying to reach universal truths—his men are lovers and, like *all* lovers, they are doomed to "abnormal" impulses.

At one point Eustace Chisholm, the writer who apparently understands all his visitors, quotes Dryden's translation: "I know thee, Love! in deserts thou wert bred,/And at the dugs of savage Tigers fed;/Alien of birth, usurper of plains." These lines capture the mad actions in the novel. "Savage" love is linked to power; it cannot be controlled because it "usurps" conscious designs; and it is always "alien."

The lovers cannot control their impulses toward destruction of themselves and others. Daniel Haws really wants to kill himself; he is so fond of death that he courts it by sleepwalking, hoping that those whom he visits will put him out of his misery. But Amos Ratcliffe and Captain Stadger mistake his destructive advances for love. Amos commits incest with his mother because he fears that the Ku Klux Klan and his father are coming to torture him—he may as well really be punished! In both examples love and violence are married. It is only by admitting this marriage that love can be rescued or purified; even then the chances are that it won't "fully eradicate the ache of terror that resides in the marrow of the bones."

Purdy does not stop to explain the reasons for the way power (or impotence) becomes "love." He realizes that because they are beyond rational understanding, they must be represented through images. He emphasizes violations, poisons, and diseases. Eustace Chisholm says to Carla, his wayward wife, that someone always comes to him

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"and says 'Ace, I love you, I love you, Ace,' and then they pour me the poisoned cup, urging 'Drink this, Ace, it will do you much good.'" He contaminates others by revealing their dark secrets. Maureen O'Dell considers her unborn infant a poison and aborts it: her body "somehow still attractive in its outlines, now resembled that of someone massacred or martyred, unclaimed in a morgue." Daniel Haws re-enlists in the Army so that he can be destroyed for his impulses. There he is satisfied by Captain Stadger: "A pink sheet of lightening illuminated the weapon's sharp edges and the captain without a word more began his work, pushing like flame with the instrument into Daniel's groin upward and over." The cumulative effect of these images is that we see that the "works"—the ways we act toward each other—are defective; they do not run properly.

When we first meet Eustace Chisholm, he is composing a long poem "about 'original stock' in America." He writes furiously (as if he is re-enacting the embraces of others?). Gradually he becomes so involved with the letters of his friends—Daniel Haws writes almost daily—that he no longer cares about poetry. He *abdicates.* He fails because he cannot bear the truth about himself and the others. *He cannot accept love as violation.*

But Purdy is somewhat "hopeful" at the end. Carla says to Eustace: "All I ever cared about was you." These words startle the powerless poet; he begins to acknowledge that there is such a thing as compassion. He warms her with "a kind of ravening love," desperately believing that they can share peaceful moments before they "consume" each other in the future.

Eustace Chisholm and the Works violates our civilized sensibilities: it offers the painful pleasure of recognizing the incredible nature of love.

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By
JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN

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Tolstoy and the Novel

JOHN BAYLEY
Viking, $6.95

MELVIN J. FRIEDMAN

George Steiner's masterful *Tolstoy or Dostoevsky* has as its subtitle, "An Essay in the Old Criticism." Steiner's opening sentence explains his position as a critic: "Literary criticism should arise out of a debt of love." A page later he distinguishes the critic from the book reviewer and literary historian: ". . . the critic should be concerned with masterpieces. His primary function is to distinguish not between the good and the bad, but between the good and the best."

John Bayley is certainly a critic in George Steiner's sense and his book is "an essay in the old criticism": a modified version of Anatole France's formula for the voyage of the soul among masterpieces. Bayley's method seems precisely right for his subject. Tolstoy himself was opposed to the European notion of labeling and classifying literary genres; he refused, for example, to call *War and Peace* a novel. His disrespect for the concept of *genre tranché*, both in theory and practice, aroused the contempt of such believers in the sanctity of literary form as Henry James and Percy

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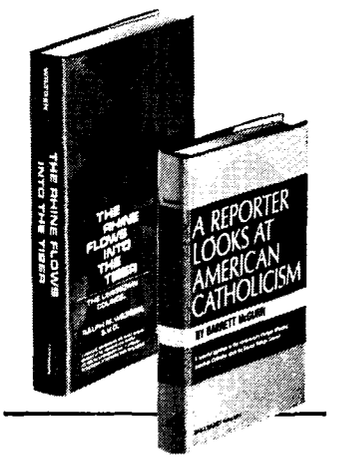

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Lubbock. Bayley's near-avoidance of form and technique in his Tolstoyan discussions places him at a far remove from most of the criticism of fiction now in vogue. The result is the kind of book which Tolstoy would doubtless have approved.

The key to *Tolstoy and the Novel* is perhaps Bayley's suggestion that "as no other author, Tolstoy makes the critic feel how superfluous his office can be." Thus Bayley is careful to avoid the terminology which is so much a part of recent criticism of the novel. The only specialized term which he makes any use of is "pastoral"—"the process of making everything in a work of literature *characteristic*." He uses this word (in much the way William Empson uses it in *Some Versions of Pastoral*) to illuminate a widespread literary tendency; one which explains *La Comédie humaine* ("the most gigantic pastoral enterprise ever undertaken by a novelist") in the positive sense, as it explains *War and Peace* in the negative sense.

What is so unique about *War and Peace*, Bayley tells us, is the way in which it avoids being *characteristic* until the epilogue where it uses pastoral for the first time. "We could put it another way by saying that *War and Peace*, which up till now has been like nothing except itself, ends as a novel." Pastoral, we have come to understand, is a handmaid of the novel and Tolstoy's great triumph is in the way in which he has sustained a work without giving in to its demands until the final pages. Bayley brilliantly chronicles Tolstoy's unwillingness to submit to "form" in *War and Peace* in a chapter which runs to 115 pages. Almost one-half of *Tolstoy and the Novel* is devoted to *War and Peace* and two lengthy chapters are largely concerned with *Anna Karenina*. Bayley is clearly at his best when confronted with these "masterpieces." He seems less at ease in his briefer discussions of *The Cossacks, Resurrection, Hadji Murad*, and *Kreutzer Sonata*. This is as it should be. Yet he does sell rather short, it seems to me, one of Tolstoy's most remarkable works, *The Death of Ivan Ilyich*. It is dismissed out-of-hand, early in the book, as lacking (what Henry James would have called) "felt life." Ivan's manner of dying is compared unfavorably to Andrew's death in *War and Peace*.

Bayley has a sure formula for the decline of Tolstoy's work after *Anna Karenina*: the "literary" seizes control; his method becomes more self-conscious and falls under the impact of fixed ideas. He persuasively shows us the difference between Steiner's "good and the best" in Tolstoy. In speaking of *The Cossacks*, Bayley sets up a useful paradox which explains the difference between the good and the best: "It suffers from the results of its own success, for though nothing can be made out of *War and Peace* or *Anna*, later writers—Hemingway is perhaps the most notable example—have learned much from the method of *The Cossacks*."

John Bayley has given us a new lesson in how to write about the novel. The unpretentious title he has given his book offers fair warning that he has no intention of pandering to current tastes in literary criticism. *Tolstoy and the Novel* gives us a very different craft of fiction from the Lubbock James one we have become accustomed to. We might appropriately call it a Tolstoyan craft of fiction.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 459)

No one disputes the problems involved in getting aid to people in Communist-dominated nations. What one questions is negative response to efforts by others (specifically Caritas) to open up channels for relief. If cooperation or mere encouragement is impossible, discretion would seem to dictate silence—or restraint from comments that appear to carry nationalistic affirmations.

JOHN DEEDY

Response from SF

San Francisco

To the Editors: The opening paragraphs of A. V. Krebs, Jr.'s "Love in California" (June 18) contain sweeping assertions that the Catholic Church in

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San Francisco is indifferent to social morality.

It is difficult to answer such charges without appearing defensive and without minimizing the gap remaining before true social morality is in fact achieved. But certainly, the cause of social justice is ill served by distorted selection of facts. . . .

No mention is made of Archbishop Joseph T. McGucken's Equal Employment Opportunity Program. . . .

It does not mention Archdiocesan leadership in open housing efforts, continuing parish education in social justice, consistent support of legislative civil rights goals, active participation in interfaith conferences on Religion and Race, close cooperation with the Delano farm workers, and an increasing Catholic presence in peace activity. . . .

(REV.) EUGENE J. BOYLE
Archdiocese Commission on
Social Justice

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Dissent on Israel

Tenafly, N.J.

To the Editors: It was with a rising sense of incredulity that I read through your issue of June 16. The lead editorial on "Facing the Jihad," was difficult enough to understand. How could one possibly maintain the view you do of Vietnam and at the same time propose that Washington must "be fully committed to Israel's survival," including "willingness to employ military power"?

But then comes William V. Shannon, saying that "only Israel's survival and independence matter"! . . .

Above all, surely, the concern is peace. For the United States to continue to give Israel a blank check for its policies in the midst of the Arab world can do nothing but enflame the Arab's sense of wrong. Israel, aware of the continuing and arising tide of Arab resentment, will continue to use the American shield to build up its striking capacity and next time it launches a preventive war may do so with atomic weapons. That is, if the Arabs next time do not get in their nuclear strike first.

This is a horror of endless strife upon which we are launched as long as Israel is encouraged by the attitudes which you express to press forward with its belligerency in Palestine—a record abundantly documented in the reports of the UN bodies which over 20 years have tried in vain to bring Israel to observe UN determinations and to adopt a stance of reconciliation with its Arab neighbors.

DAVID M. STOWE

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

REVIEWERS

RICHARD HORCHLER is a member of the administrative staff of York College, City University of New York.

JUDITH SKLAR is on the editorial staff of a New York publishing house.

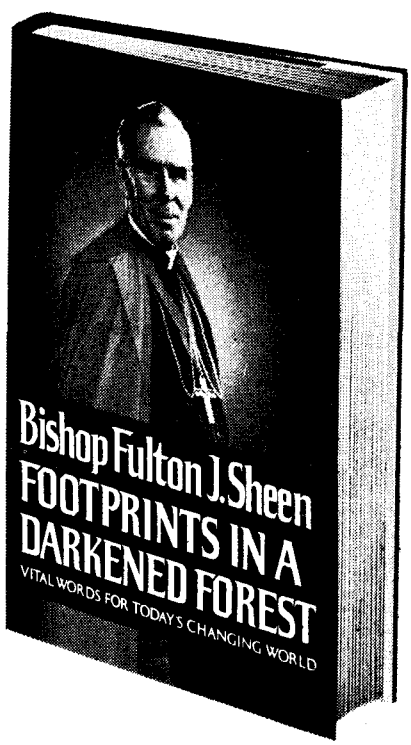
ANNE FREMANTLE, an anthologist, is the editor of *The Age of Belief*, and other works.

RICHARD WYSZYNSKI is a professional musician and a recent recipient of a Rockefeller grant for the training of music critics.

IRVING MALIN is the editor of *Saul Bellow and the Critics.*

MELVIN J. FRIEDMAN is co-editor of *The Added Dimension: The Art and Mind of Flannery O'Connor.*

-Bishop— Fulton J. Sheen



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